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consent to total disablement or death, but such consent is nugatory. "If a man license another to beat him, such license is void as against the peace" (Buller N. P. 16), a fortiori a license by a man for taking his own life is void, not to say criminal. By American law the consent, however, though void, may be given in evidence in mitigation of damages.

Here in its treatment of boxing, as elsewhere, it is impossible not to admire the wisdom of our Common Law. The Englishman is by nature combative, but he is also law-abiding. The Common Law which is the reflection of the national temper reconciles these two antagonistic instincts in the only way in which they can be reconciled, in a way which is consonant both to reason and our moral sense. In a word, boxing in sport is, as old Roger Ascham would say, an "honest pastime," and may share in Sir Michael Foster's eulogium. The prize ring is on a moral level with the cockpit. Chrysippus the Stoic thought that cock fighting was the final cause of cocks to inspire us by the example of their courage. Perhaps prize fighters may serve some similar purpose in the moral economy of things.—London Law Journal.

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### IN VACATION.

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**Here Below.**—Edward Douglas White, of Louisiana, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, said at a luncheon given in his honor in Washington, that corporate and political corruption will only be stopped when convictions mean ignominy and disgrace.

"At present," said Judge White, "I am afraid that convictions and fines are regarded too lightly by the big financiers of the sinning type. They remind me of John Booth, of Lafourche.

"John Booth, an old offender, was haled before a magistrate, who said to him sternly:

"I see by your record, Mr. Booth, that you have had thirty-seven previous convictions. What have you to say?"

"Booth, assuming a sanctimonious air, replied:

"Well, judge, man is not perfect.'"—Minneapolis Journal.

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**He Had No Choice.**—"You say you were in a saloon at the time the alleged assault took place?" a lawyer inquired of a witness at the central station the other day.

"Yes, sir, I was," the witness admitted.

"H'm," the lawyer pursued, "that is interesting. And did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, sir," came the reply, with perfect ease, "but I took what the rest did."—Philadelphia Times.

**Vocation and Avocation.**—An attorney who was also secretary of a gas company was considerably amused at the remark of his little five-year-old daughter who told a gentleman in response to his query as to what her father did for a living, that "my father is a lawyer and sells gas."—Exchange.

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**New Way to Pay Old Debts.**—A West Virginia dorky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De co-pardnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

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An elderly gentleman, who knew something of law, lived in an Irish village where no lawyers had ever penetrated, and was in the habit of making the wills of his neighbors. At an early hour one morning he was aroused from his slumber by a knocking at his gate, and, putting his head out of the window, he asked who was there. "It's me, your honor—Paddy Flaherty. I could not get a wink of sleep, thinking of the will I have made." "What's the matter with the will?" asked the lawyer. "Matter, indeed!" replied Pat. "Shure, I've not left myself a three-legged stool to sit upon."—Argonaut.

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#### Liberty—or License?

"Nevada, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet State of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
State where our fathers flee,  
State that sets mothers free—  
Marriage, because of thee,  
Hath lost its sting."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.